# CONTENT

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# POEM.

Price Six Pence.

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By ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Virtue was taught in Verſe, and* Athens' *Glory roſe.*
PRIOR.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*
M.DCC.XX.

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*Virtue casts Beauty in Verse, and Adorns Glory with Prose.*
PRIOR.

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WHEN genial Beams wade thro' the dewy Morn,
And from the Clod invite the sprouting Corn;
When chequer'd Greens, wing'd Musick, new blown Scents,
Conspir'd to sooth the Mind, and please each Sense;

Then down a ſhady Haugh * I took my Way,
Delighted with each Flower and budding Spray,
Muſing on all that Hurry, Pain and Strife
Which flow from the Fantaſtick Ills of Life,
Enlarg'd from ſuch Diſtreſſes of the Mind,
Due Gratitude to Heaven my Thoughts refin'd,
And made me in the Laughing-Sage's † Way,
As a meer Farce the murm'ring World ſurvey,
Finding imagin'd Maladies abound,
Tenfold, for One which gives a real Wound.

* Godlike is He whom no falſe Fears annoy,
Who lives Content and graſps the preſent Joy;
Whoſe Mind is not with wild Convulſions rent,
Of Pride, and Avarice, and Diſcontent:
Whoſe well train'd Paſſions, with a pious Awe,
Are all ſubordinate to Reaſon's Law:
Then ſmooth Content ariſes like the Day,
And makes each rugged Fantom flie away.

To

* A Lane. † Democritus.

To loweſt Men ſhe gives a lib'ral Share
Of ſolid Bliſs, ſhe mitigates our Care,
Enlarging Joys, adminiſtrating Health;
The rich Man's Pleaſure, and the poor Man's
Wealth.

A Train of Comforts on her Nod attend,
And to her Sway, Profits and Honours bend.

HAIL bleſt CONTENT! who art by Heaven
deſign'd
Parent of Health, and Chearfulneſs of Mind;
Serene CONTENT ſhall animate my Song,
And make th' immortal Numbers ſmooth and
ſtrong.

*SELENUS* thou whoſe hoary Beard and
Head
Experience ſpeak, and Youth's Attention plead,
Retail thy gather'd Knowledge, and diſcloſe
What State of Life enjoys the moſt Repoſe.

Thus

Thus I addreſt,——and thus, the ancient Bard,——
Firſt to no State of Life fix thy Regard.
All Mortals may be happy if they pleaſe,
Not rack'd with Pain, nor lingering Diſeaſe.

*MIDAS* the Wretch, wrapt in his patched Rags,
With empty Paunch, ſits brooding o'er his Bags;
Meagre his Look, his Mind in conſtant Fright,
If Winds but move his Windows in the Night;
If Dogs ſhould bark, or but a Mouſe make Din,
He ſweats and ſtarts, and thinks the Thief's got in;
His Sleep forſakes him 'till the Dawn appears,
Which every Thing but ſuch a Caitiff chears.

It gives him Pain to buy a Farthing Light,
He jums at Home, in Darkneſs all the Night.
What makes him manage with ſuch cautious Pain?
'Twould break a Sum; a Farthing ſpent ſo vain?
If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when ſome needful Man
Gives Ten *per Cent.* with an inſuring Pawn.

Tho'

Tho' he's provided in as much, would serve
Whole *Nestor*'s Years, he ever fears to starve;
Tell him of Alms, alas! he'ad rather chuse
Damnation, and the promis'd Bliss refuse,
-- *And is there such a Wretch beneath the Sun?* --
Yes, he return'd, Thousands instead of One,
To whom *Content* is utterly unknown, ----
*Are all the Rich Men such?* -- he answered, No;
*Marcus* hath Wealth, and can his Wealth bestow;
Upon Himself, his Friends, and on the Poor,
Enjoys enough and wishes for no more.

REVERSE of these, is He who braves the Sky,
Cursing his Maker when he throws the Dye:
Gods, Devils, Furies, Hell, Heaven, Blood and Wounds,
Promiscuous fly in bursts of tainted Sounds.
He to Perdition does his Soul bequeath,
Yet inly trembles, when he thinks of Death;

Except

Except at Game, he ne'er employs his Thought
Till hiss'd and pointed at,—not worth a Groat.
The desperate Remnant of a large Estate,
Goes at one Throw, and points his gloomy Fate,
He finds his Folly now, but finds too late.
Ill brooks my fondled Master to be poor,
Bred up to nought but Bottle, Game and Whore;
How pitiful he looks without his Rent!
They who fly Virtue, ever fly CONTENT.

Now I beheld the Sage look'd less severe,
Whilst Pity join'd his old Satyrick leer;
The weakly Mind, said he, is quickly torn,
Men are not Gods, some Frailties must be borne;
Heaven's bounteous Hand all in their Turn abuse,
The happiest Men at Times their Fate refuse,
Befool themselves,—and trump up an Excuse.

Is *Lucius* but a Subaltern of Foot,
His equal, *Gallus*, is a Coronet.

*STERILLA* ſhuns a Goſſiping and why?
The teeming Mother fills her with Envy.
The pregnant Matron's Grief as much prevails,
Some of the Children, always, ſomething ails;
One Boy is Sick, t'other has broke his Head.
And Nurſe is blam'd when little Miſs is Dead.

A Dutcheſs on a Velvet Couch reclin'd,
Blabs her fair Cheeks 'till ſhe is almoſt Blind;
Poor *Phily*'s Death the briny Pearls demands,
Who ceaſes now to ſnarl and lick her Hands.

THE Politicians who in learn'd Debates,
With Penetration, carve out Kingdoms Fates,
Look ſour, drink Coffee, ſhrug, and read Gazettes,
Deep ſunk in Craft of State their Souls are loſt,
And all their Hopes depend upon the Poſt;

Each Male that's due they curſe the contrare Wind,
'Tis ſtrange if this way Men *Contentment* find.
Though old, their Humours I am yet to learn,
Who vex themſelves in what they've no concern.

*NINNY* the glaring Fop who always runs
In Tradeſmen's Books, which makes the careful Duns;
Often e'er Ten to break his ſlumbring Reſt,
Whilſt with their craving Clamours he's oppreſt.
He frames excuſes 'till his Cranny akes,
Then thinks he juſtly damns the curſed Snakes;
The diſappointed Dun with as much Ire,
Both threats and Curſes 'till his Breaſt's on Fire;
Then home he goes, and pours it on his Houſe,
His Servants ſuffer oft, and oft his Spouſe.

SOME groan through Life amidſt a heap of Cares,
To load with too much Wealth their lazy Heirs;

The

The lazy Heir turns all to ridicule,
And all his Life proclaims his Father Fool;
He toils in Spending,—— leaves a Thread-bare Son,
To ſcrape anew as had his Grandſire done.

How is the fair *Myrtilla*'s Boſom fir'd,
If *Læda*'s ſable Locks are more admir'd;
While *Læda* does her ſecret Sighs diſcharge,
Becauſe her Mouth's a Straw-breadth, ah! too large.

Thus ſung the Sire, and left me to evite,
The ſcorching Beams in ſome cool green Retreat,
Where gentle Slumber ſeiz'd my wearied Brain,
And mimick Fancy op'd the following Scene.

Methought I ſtood upon a riſing Ground,
A ſplendid Landskip open'd all around,
Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, Gardens, Parks and Woods,
And Domes, which hid their Turrets in the Clouds;

To me approach'd a Nymph Divinely fair,
Celeſtial Virtue ſhone through all the Air:
A Nymph for Grace, her Wiſdom more renown'd
Adorn'd each Grace, and both true Valour crown'd,
Around her Heav'nly Smiles, a Helmet blaz'd,
And graceful as ſhe mov'd, a Spear ſhe gently rais'd.
My Sight at firſt the Luſtre ſcarce could bear,
Her dazling Glories ſhone ſo ſtrong and clear;
A Majeſty ſublime, with all that's ſweet,
Did Adoration claim, and Love invite.
I felt her Wiſdom's Charm, my Thoughts inſpire,
Her dauntleſs Courage ſet my Soul on Fire.
The Maid, when thus I knew. I ſoon addreſt,
My preſent wiſhful Thoughts the Theme ſuggeſt:
'Of all th' Etherial Powers thou nobleſt Maid,
'To humane Weakneſs lend's the ready'ſt aid:
'To where *Content* and her bleſt train reſide,
'Immortal *Pallas*, deign to be my Guide;
With my requeſt well pleas'd our courſe we bent,
To find the Habitation of *Content*.

Thro'

THRO' fierce *BELLONA*'s Tents we
first advanc'd,
Where Cannons bounc'd, and nervous Horſes
pranc'd:
Here *Vi & armis* ſat with dreadful Awe,
And daring Front, to prop each Nation's Law,
Attending Squadrons on her Motions wait,
Array'd in Deaths, and fearleſs of their Fate.
Here Chriſtian Souls glow'd with as great a Fire,
As his who made the World but one Empire.
Even in low Ranks brave Spirits might be found,
Who wanted nought of Monarchs but a Crown.
But ah! Ambition ſtood a Foe to Peace,
Shaking the empty Fob and ragged Fleece;
Which were more hideous to theſe Sons of War,
Than Brimſtone, Smoak, and Storms of Bullets
are.
Here, ſaid my Guide, CONTENT is rarely found,
Where Blood and noiſy Jars beſet the Ground.

TRADE's

TRADE's wealthy Ware-houſe next fell in our Way,
Where in great Bales Part of each Nation lay,
The *Spaniſh* Citron, and *Heſperia*'s Oil,
*Perſia*'s ſoft Product and the *Chineſe* Toil;
Warm *Borneo*'s Spices, *Arab*'s ſcented Gum,
The *Poliſh* Amber, and the *Saxon* Mum,
The *Orient* Pearl, *Holland*'s fine Lace and Toys,
And Tinſie Work, which the fair Nun imploys.
From *India* Ivory, and the clouded Cane,
And Cochineal from Streights of *Magelane*.
The *Scandinavian* Roſin, Hemp and Tar,
The *Lapland* Furs, and *Ruſſia*'s Caviare,
The *Gallick* Punchion charg'd with Ruby Juice,
Which makes the Hearts of Gods and Men rejoice.
*Britannia* here pours from her plenteous Horn,
Her ſhining Mirrours, Clock-work, Cloaths and Corn.

Here

Here *Cent per Cents* ſat poreing o're their Books,
While many ſhew'd the Bankrupts in their Looks,
Who by Miſmanagement their Stock had ſpent,
Curs'd theſe hard Times, and blam'd the Govern-
ment.
The miſſive Letter, and peremptor Bill,
Forbade them Reſt, and call'd forth all their Skill,
Uncertain Credit bore the Scepter here,
And her prime Miniſters were Hope and Fear.
The ſurly Chufs demanded what we ſought.
CONTENT, ſaid I, may ſhe with Gold be bought?
CONTENT! ſaid one, then ſtar'd, and bit his
Thumb,
And learing ask'd if I was worth a * Plumb.

LOVE's fragrant Fields, where mildeſt weſtern
Gales,
Loaden with Sweets perfume the Hills and Dales,

Where

* One Hundred Thouſand Pounds.

Where longing Lovers haunt the Streams and
Glades,
And cooling Groves whoſe Verdure never Fades,
Thither with Joy and haſty Steps we ſtrode,
There ſure I thought our long'd-for Bliſs abode.
Whom firſt we met on that inchanted Plain,
Was a tall yellow-hair'd young penſive Swain;
Him I addreſt,---" O Youth what heav'nly Power
" Commands and graces yon *Elyſian* Bower?
" Sure 'tis CONTENT, elſe much I am deciev'd.
The Shepherd ſigh'd, and told me that I rav'd;
Rare ſhe appears, unleſs on ſome fine Day
She grace a Nuptial, but ſoon haſtes away:
If her you ſeek, ſoon hence you muſt remove,
Her Preſence is precarious in Love.

THRO' theſe and other Shrines we wander'd
long,
Which merit not Deſcription in my Song,

'Till

'Till at the last, methought we cast our Eye
Upon an antique Temple square and high,
Its Area wide, its Spire did pierce the Sky;
On adamantine Dorick Pillars rear'd,
Strong *Gothick* Work the massy Pile appear'd;
Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,
Which pleas'd the Eye at once, and fill'd the Mind.
Whilst Wonder did my curious Thoughts ingage,
To us approach'd a studious reverend Sage;
Both Awe and Kindness his grave Aspect bore,
Which spoke him rich with Wisdom's finest Store;
He ask'd our Errand there.—Straight I reply'd,
" CONTENT: In these high Towers does she
reside;
Not far from hence said he her Palace stands,
Ours she regards, as we do her Demands;
Philosophy sustains her peaceful Sway,
And in Return she feasts us every Day.

Then straight an antient Teleſcope he brought,
By *SOCRATES* and *EPICTETUS* wrought,
Improved ſince, made eaſier to the Sight,
Lengthen'd the Tube, the Glaſſes ground more bright;
Through this he ſhow'd a Hill, whoſe lofty Brow
Enjoy'd the Sun, while Vapours all below,
In pitchy Clouds, encircled it around,
Where Fantoms of moſt horrid Forms abound,
The ugly Brood of lazy Spleen and Fear,
Frightful in Shape moſt monſtrous did appear.
Then thus my Guide,——
Your Way lies through yon Gloom, be not aghaſt,
Come briskly on, you'll jeſt them when they're paſt;
Mere empty Spectres, harmleſs as the Air,
Which merit not your Notice, leſs your Care.
Encourag'd with his Words, I thus addreſt
My noble Guide, and grateful Joy expreſt;

" O! ſacred WISDOM, thine's the Scource of
" Light,
" Without thy Blaze the World would grope in
" Night,
" Of Woe and Bliſs thou only art the Teſt,
" Falſhood and Truth before Thee ſtand confeſt;
" Thou mak'ſt a double Life: One Nature gave,
" But without Thine, what is it Mortals have?
" A breathing Motion grazing to the Grave."

Now through the Damps methought we boldly went,
Smiling at all the Grins of Diſcontent;
Tho' oft pull'd back the riſing Ground we gain'd,
Whilſt inward Joy my wearied Limbs ſuſtain'd:
Arriv'd the Height, whoſe Top was large and plain,
And what appear'd ſoon recompens'd my Pain,
Nature's whole Beauty deck'd th' enamell'd Scene.

AMIDST the Glade the ſacred Palace ſtood,
The Architecture not ſo fine as good;
Nor ſcrimp, nor gouty, regular and plain,
Plain were the Columns which the Roof ſuſtain:
An eaſy Greatneſs in the whole was found,
Where all that Nature wanted did abound.
But here no Beds are ſcreen'd with rich Brocade,
Nor Fewel-Logs in Silver Grates are laid;
No broken *China* Bowls diſturb the Joy
Of waiting Hand-Maid or the running Boy,
Nor in the Cupboard Heaps of Plate are rang'd,
To be with each ſplenetick Faſhion chang'd.

A weather-beaten Sentry watch'd the Gate,
Of Temper croſs, and practis'd in Debate:
Till once acquaint with him, no Entry here;
The brave as *CAESAR*, or as *HELEN* fair.

To Strangers fierce, but with Familiars tame,
And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his Name.

THIS fair Inscription shone above the Gate,
Fear none but him whose Will directs thy Fate.
With Smile austere he lifted up his Head,
Pointed the Characters, and bid us read.
We did, and stood resolv'd. The Gates at last
Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

EACH Day a Herauld, by the QUEEN's Command,
Was order'd on a Mount to take his stand,
And thence to all the Earth this Offer make,
" Who are inclin'd her Favours to partake,
" Shall have them free, if they small Rubs can bear,
" Of Disappointment, Spleen and bug-bear Fear.

RAIS'D on a Throne within the outer Gate
The Goddess sat, her Votries round her wait:

The beautiful Divinity disclos'd,
Sweetness sublime, which roughest Cares compos'd:
Her Looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,
Not rich her Dress, but suitable and clean:
Unfurrow'd was her Brow, her Cheeks were smooth,
Tho' Old as Time, enjoy'd immortal Youth;
And all her Accents so harmonious flow'd,
That every listning Ear with Pleasure glow'd.
An Olive-Garland on her Head she wore,
And her right Hand a Cornucopia bore.
Cross *Touchstone* fill'd a Bench without the Door,
To try the *Sterling* of each human Ore;
Grim Judge he was, and them away he sent,
Unfit t' approach the Shrine of calm CONTENT.

To him a hoary Dotard load with Bags;
Unweildy Load! to one who hardly drags
His Being.——More than Seventy Years, said he,
I've sought this Court, 'till now unfound by me,

Now let me rest. —— Yes, if you want no more;
But e'er the Sun has made his Annual Tour
Know, grov'ling Wretch, thy Wealth's without thy Power.
The Thoughts of Death, and ceasing from his Gain,
Brought on the old Man's Head so sharp a Pain,
Which dim'd his Optick Nerves, and with the Light
He lost the Palace, and crawl'd back to Night.

Poor gripping Thing, how useless is thy Breath,
While nothing's so much long'd for as thy Death!
How meanly hast thou spent thy Lease of Years,
A Slave to Poverty, to Toils and Fears?
And all to vie with some black rugged Hill,
Whose rich Contents Millions of Chests can fill;
As round the greedy Rock clings to the Mine,
And hinders it in open Day to shine;
Till Diggers hew it from the Spar's Imbrace,
Making it Circle, stampt with *Cæsar's* Face;

So doſt thou hoard, and from thy Prince purloin,
His uſeful Image, and thy Country-Coin;
Till gaping Heirs have freed th' impriſon'd Slave,
When to their Comfort thou haſt fill'd a Grave.

THE next who with a jaunty Air approach'd,
Was a gay Youth, who thither had been Coach'd;
Sleek were his *Flanders*-Mares, his Liveries fine,
With glittering Gold his Furniture did ſhine.
Sure ſuch methought may enter when they pleaſe,
Who have all theſe appearances of Eaſe;
Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd,
Attempt to paſs but found himſelf deceiv'd.
Old *Touchſtone* gave him on his Breaſt a Box,
Which op'd the Sluices of a latent Pox,
Then bid his Equipage in haſte depart,
The Youth look'd on them with a fainting Heart;
He found he could not Walk, and bid them ſtay,
Swore Three cramp Oaths, mounted, and wheel'd away.

THE Power expreſs'd herſelf thus, with a Smile,
'These changing Shadows are not worth our
while;
'With ſmalleſt Trifles oft their Peace is torn,
'If here at Night, they rarely meet the Morn.

ANOTHER Beau as fine, but more vivace,
Whoſe Airs ſat round him with an eaſy Grace,
And well bred Motion, came up to the Gate,
I lov'd him much, and trembled for his Fate;
The Centry broke his clouded Cane, --he ſmil'd,
Got fairly in, and all our Fears beguil'd.
The Cane was ſoon renew'd which had been broke,
And thus the Virtue to the Circle ſpoke,
'Each thing Magnificent or Gay we grant,
'To them who're capable to bear their want.

Two handſom Toaſts came next, them well
I knew,
Their lovely Make the Court's Obſervance drew;
Three waiting Maids attended in the Rear,
Each loaden with as much as ſhe could bear:
One mov'd beneath a Load of Silks and Lace,
Another bore the Ofsets of the Face;
But the moſt bulky Burden of the Three,
Was hers who bore the Utenſils of *Bohea*.
My Mind indulgent in their Favour pled,
Hoping no Oppoſition would be made:
So mannerly, ſo ſmooth, ſo mild their Eye,
Enough almoſt to give CONTENT Envy.
But ſoon I found my Error, the bold Judge,
Who acted as if prompted by ſome Grudge,
Them thus ſaluted with a hollow Tone,
'You're none of my acquaintance get you gone;
'What Loads of Trump'ry theſe? --- Ha where's
my *Croſs?*
'I'll try if theſe are ſolid Ware or boſs.

The

The *China* felt the fury of his Blow,
And loſt a Being, or for uſe or ſhow;
For uſe or ſhow no more's each Plate or Cup,
But all in Shreds upon the Threſhold drop.
Now every Charm which deck'd their Face before,
Give Place to Rage, and Beauty is no more;
The briny Stream their roſy Cheeks beſmear'd,
Whilſt they in Clouds of Vapours diſappear'd.
A ruſtick Hind, attir'd in home-ſpun Gray,
With forked Locks, and Shoes bedaub'd with Clay,
Palms ſhod with Horn, his Front freſh, brown, and broad,
With Legs and Shoulders fitted for a Load;
He 'midſt Ten brawling Children laugh'd and ſung,
While Conſort Hob-nails on the Pavement rung:
Up to the Porter unconcern'd he came,
Forcing along his Offspring and their Dame.
Croſs *Touchſtone* ſtrove to ſtop him but the Clown,
At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down;

And ſpite of him into the Palace went,
Where he was kindly welcom'd by *Content*.

Two *Busbian* Philoſophs put in their Claims,
*Gamaliel* and *Critis* were their Names;
But ſoon's they had our *Britiſh* HOMER *ſeen*,
With Face unruffl'd waiting on the QUEEN,
Envious Hate their ſurly Boſoms fir'd,
Their Colour chang'd, they from the Porch retir'd;
Backward they went, reflecting with much Rage,
On the bad Taſte and Humour of the Age,
Which paid ſo much Reſpect to Nat'ral Parts,
While they were ſtarving Graduats of Arts.
The Goddeſs fell a laughing at the Fools,
And ſent them packing to their Grammar-Schools;
Or in ſome Garret elevate to dwell,
There with *Siſyphian* Toil to teach dull Beaus to ſpell.

Now all this while a Gale of Eaſtern Wind,
And cloudy Skies oppreſs'd the human Mind;

The

The Wind ſet *Weſt*, back'd with the radiant Beams,
Which warm'd the Air, and danc'd upon the Streams,
Exhal'd the Spleen, and ſooth'd a World of Souls;
Who crowded now the Avenue in Shoals,
Numbers in Black, of Widowers, Relicts, Heirs,
Of new wed Lovers many handſome Pairs;
Men landed from abroad, from Camps and Seas,
Others got through ſome dangerous Diſeaſe:
A train of *Belles* adorn'd with ſomething new,
And even of ancient *Prudes* there were a few;
Who were refreſh'd with Scandal and with Tea,
Which for a ſpace ſet them from Vapours free;
Here from their Cups the lower ſpecies flockt,
And Knaves with Bribes and cheating Method flockt.
The Power ſurvey'd the Troop, and gave command,
They ſhould no longer in the Entry ſtand;
But be convey'd into *Chimera*'s Tower,
There to attend her Pleaſure for an Hour.

Soon

Soon as they entred, Apprehenſions ſhook
The Fabrick, Fear was fixt on every Look;
Old Age and Poverty, Diſeaſe, Diſgrace,
With horrid Grin, ſtar'd full in ev'ry Face,
Which made them trembling at their unknown Fate,
Iſſue in haſte out by the Poſtern-Gate.

None waited out their Hour but only Two,
Who had been wedded Fifteen Years ago;
The Man had learn'd the World, and fixt his Mind,
His Spouſe was chearful, beautiful and kind:
She neither fear'd the ſhock nor Fantom's ſtare,
She thought her Husband wiſe, and knew that he was there.
Now while the Court was ſitting, my fair Guide,
Into a fine *Elyſium* me convey'd;

I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, the ſpacious Fields,
Adorn'd with all prolifick Nature yields;
Profuſely rich, with her moſt valu'd Store,
But as m' inchanted Fancy wander'd o'er
The happy Plain, new Beauties ſeem'd to riſe,
The Fields were fled, and all was painted Skies.
Pleas'd for a while, I wiſh'd the former Scene;
Straight all return'd and eas'd me of my Pain.
Again the flow'ry Meadows diſappear,
And Hills and Groves their ſtately Summits rear;
Theſe ſink again, and rapid Rivers flow,
Next from the Rivers, Cities ſeem to grow.

SOMETIME the fleeting Scene I had forgot,
In buſie Thought intranc'd, with Pain I ſought,
To know the hidden Charm, ſtraight all was fled,
And boundleſs Heav'ns o'er boundleſs Ocean ſpread;
Impatient I obteſt my noble Guide,
Reveal this wond'rous Secret. She reply'd,

We carried on what greatly we design'd,
When all these human Follies you resign'd,
Ambition, Luxury, and a covetous Mind;
Yet think not true *Content* can thus be bought,
There's wanting still a train of virtuous Thought.

When me your Leader, prudently you choose'
And list'ning to my Counsel, did refuse
Fantastick Joys, your Soul was thus prepar'd
For true *Content* and thus I do reward
Your gen'rous Toil. Observe this wondrous Clime,
Of Nature's Blessings here are hid the Prime;
But wise and virtuous Thought in constant Course,
Must draw these Beauties from their hidden Source,
The smallest Intermissions will transform
The pleasant Scene, and spoil each perfect Charm.
'Tis ugly Vice will rob you of *Content*,
And to your View all hellish Woes present.

Nor grudge the Care in Virtue you imploy,
Your preſent Toil will prove your future Joy.
Then Smil'd ſhe heav'nly ſweet, and parting ſaid,
Hold faſt your virtuous Mind, of nothing be afraid.

A while the charming Voice ſo fill'd my Ears,
I griev'd, the Form Divine no more appears.
Then to confirm my yet unſteady Mind,
Under a lonely Shadow I reclin'd,
To try the Virtues of the Clime I ſought.
Then ſtraight call'd up a Train of hideous Thought,
Famine and Blood, and Peſtilence appear,
Wild Shrieks and loud Laments diſturb my Ear;
New Woes and Horrors did my Sight alarm.
Envy and Hate compos'd the wretched Charm.

Soon as I ſaw, I dropt the hateful View.
And thus I ſought paſt Pleaſures to renew.
To heav'nly Love my Thoughts I next compoſe,
Then quick as Thought the following Sight diſcloſe.

Streams

Streams, Meadows, Grotto's Birds carolling,
Calmneſs and temp'rate warmth, and endleſs Spring,
A perfect Tranſcript of theſe upper Bowers,
The Habitation of th' immortal Powers.

BACK to the Palace raviſhed I went,
Reſolved to reſide with bleſt Content.
Where all my ſpecial Friends methought I met,
In order 'mongſt the beſt of Mankind ſet:
My Soul with too much Pleaſure overcharg'd,
The captiv'd Senſes to their Poſt enlarg'd;
Lifting my Eyes I view'd declining Day,
Sprang from the Green, and homeward bent my way;
Reflecting on that Hurry, Pain and Strife,
Which flow from falſe and real Ills of Life.

FINIS.